

A DELL COMIC  
**DELL**  
A DELL COMIC

AUGUST 10¢

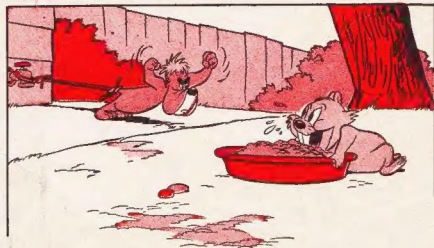
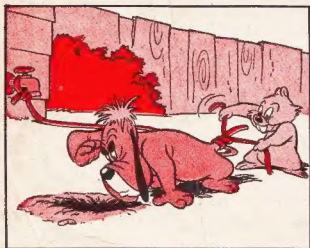
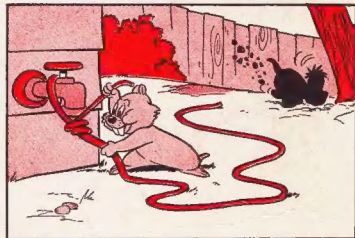
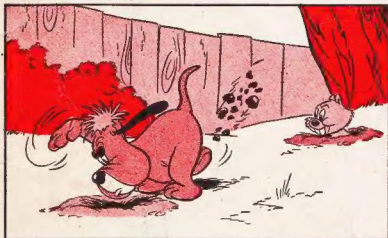
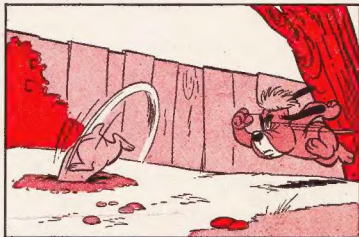
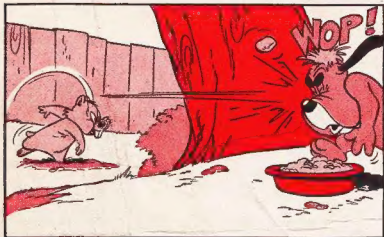
# and **Tom Jerry** comics



52 Pages  
All Comics



**DROOPY**



**TOM & JERRY COMICS**, Vol. 1, No. 85, August, 1951. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President. Re-entered as second-class matter May 9, 1949, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions in U. S. A., \$1.00 per year, single copies, 10 cents; foreign subscriptions, \$2.00 per year; Canadian subscriptions \$1.20 per year. Copyright, 1951, by Loew's Incorporated. Printed in U. S. A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co.

**CHANGES OF ADDRESS** should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.



M-G-M. CARTOONS  
present

# TOM and JERRY

I SURE WISH WE  
HAD A NICE YARD  
TO PLAY IN,  
JERRY!

IT'S A DISGRACE  
THE WAY THE PLACE  
LOOKS!

YEAH,  
IT  
COULD DOUBLE  
FOR A WEED  
RANCH!

Y'KNOW, I BET WE COULD  
FIX THE YARD UP  
OURSELVES!

SAY THAT'S A  
THOUGHT!

MAYBE WE CAN GET  
SOME IDEAS FROM  
THIS GARDEN  
MAGAZINE!

GARDEN  
MAGAZINE

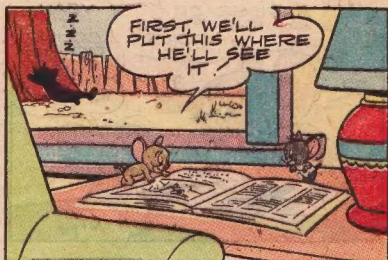
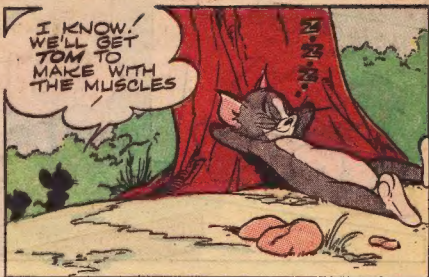
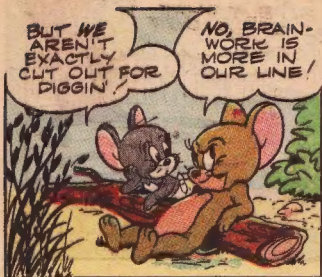
SAY, THAT'D  
BE NICE!

YOU CAN PUT IN A FISH  
POND JUST FOLLOW THIS  
SIMPLE PLAN.....

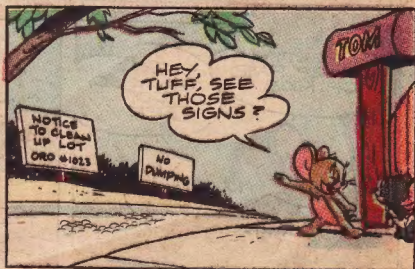
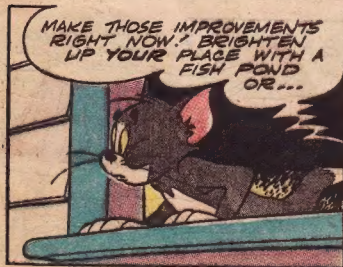
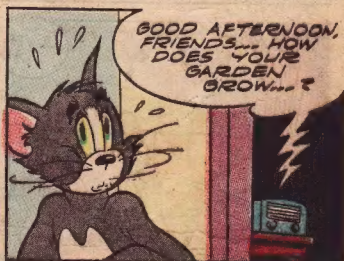
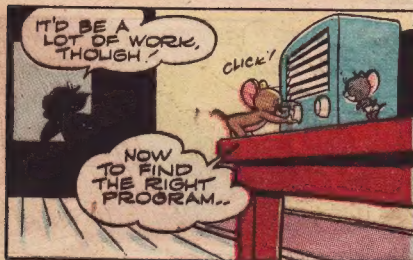
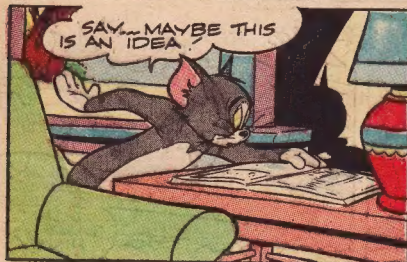
WE'D  
HAVE  
FISHIN'  
.....

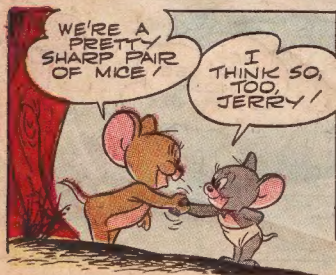
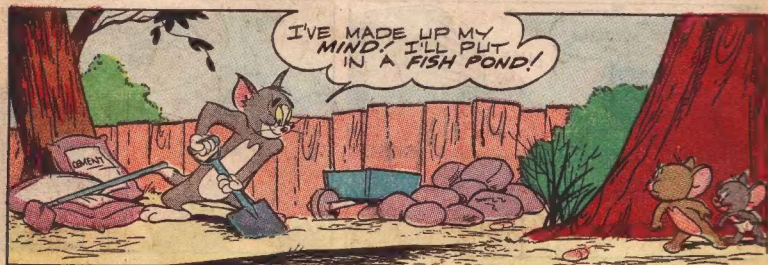
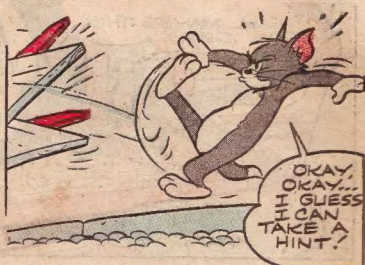
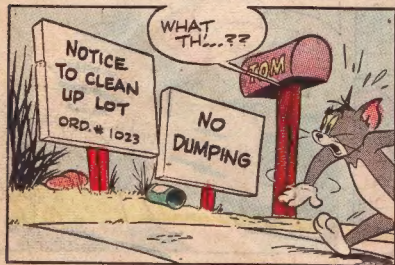
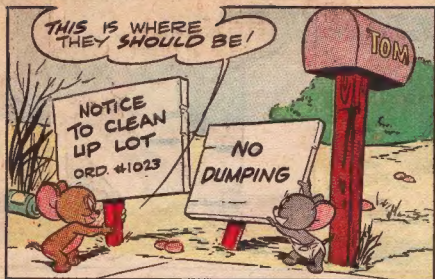
AN' WATER SPORTS,  
AN' SKATIN' IN  
THE WINTER!

THERE'S JUST  
THE PLACE TO  
DIG THE  
POND!



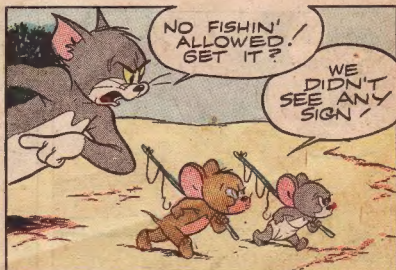
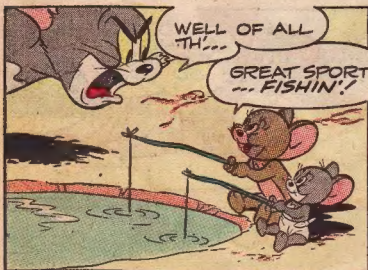
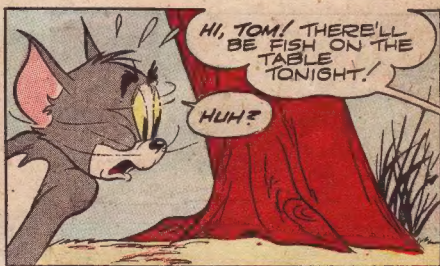
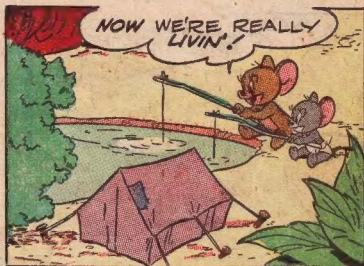
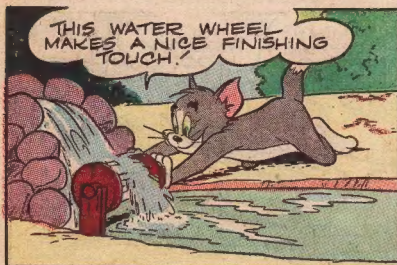
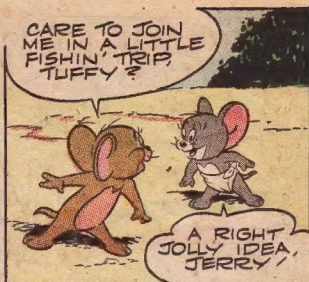
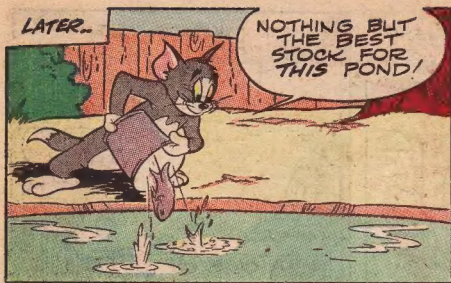


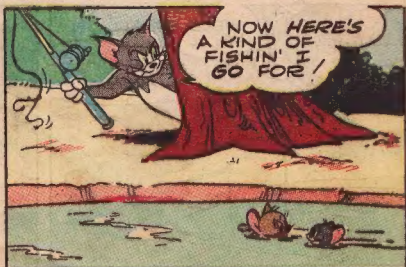
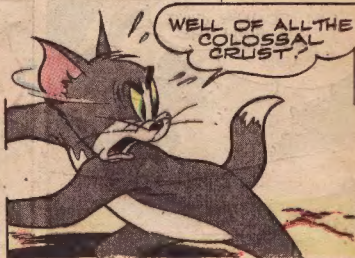
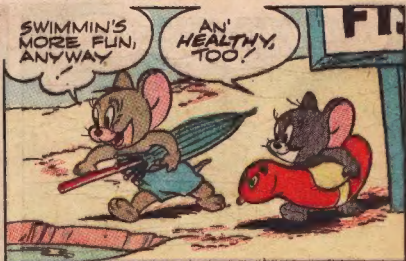
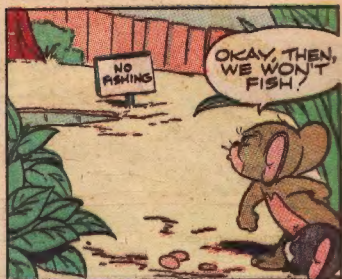




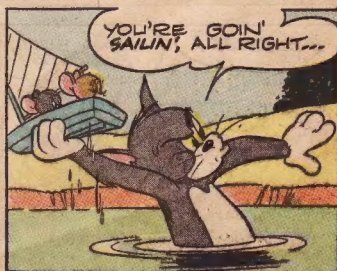
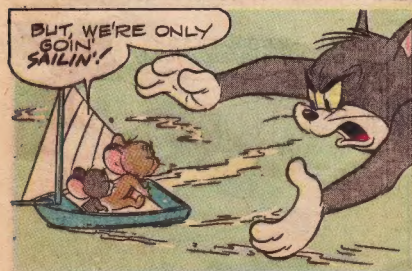
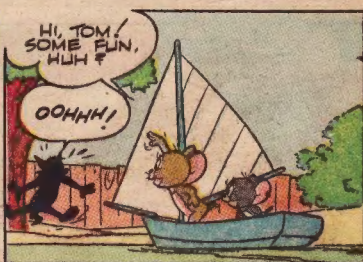
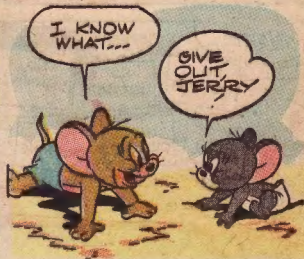
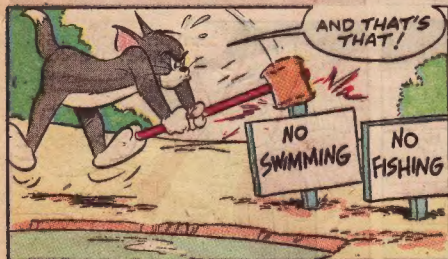
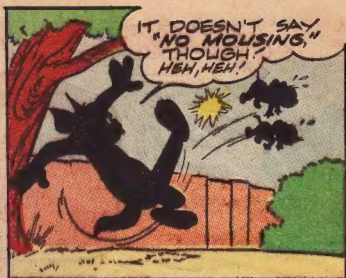
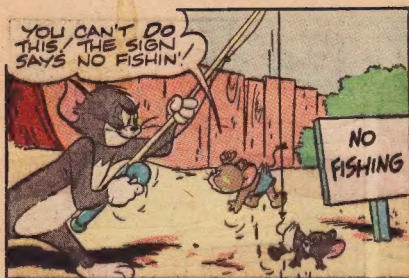


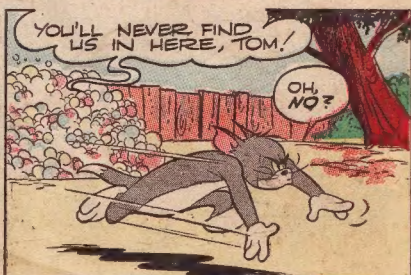
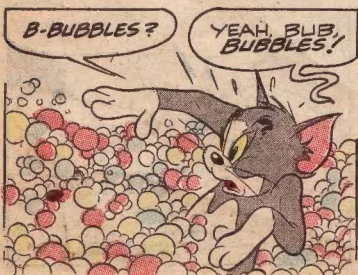
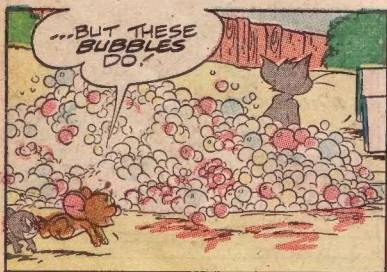
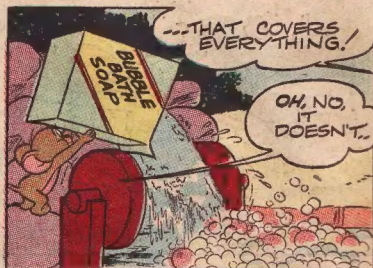
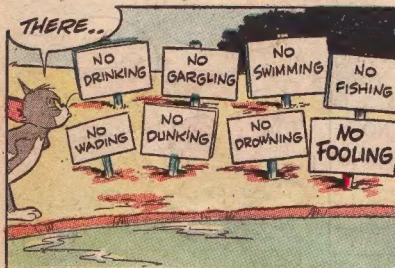
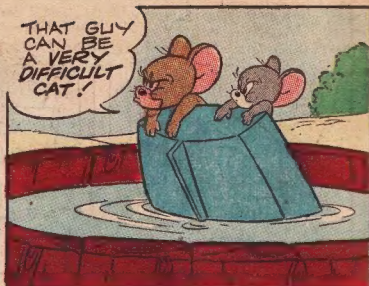
LATER..



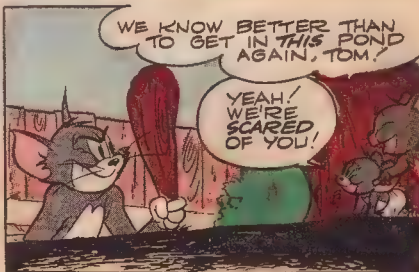
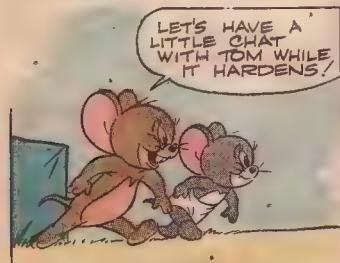
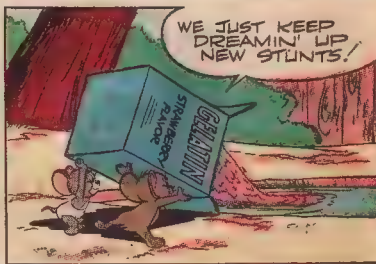
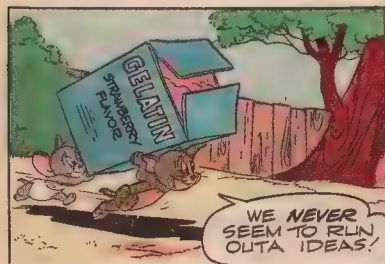
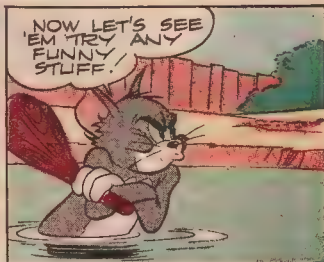
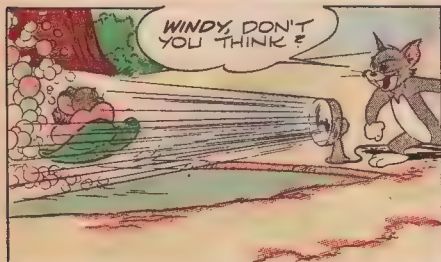
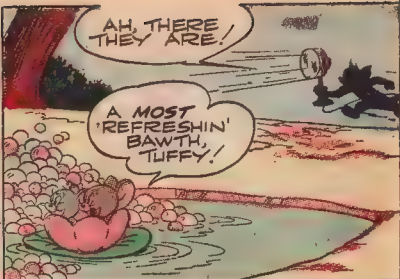
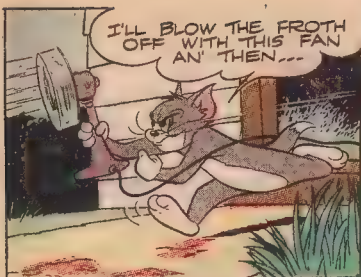


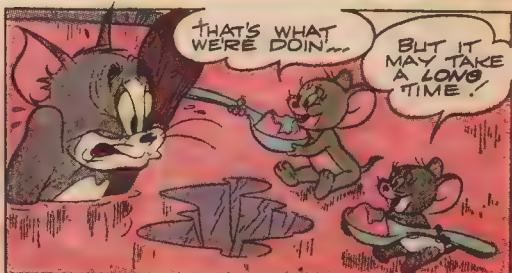
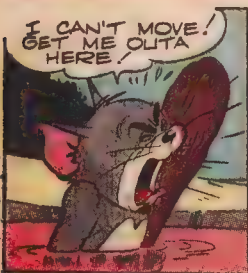
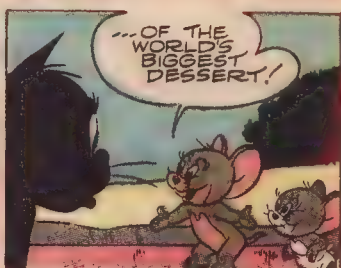
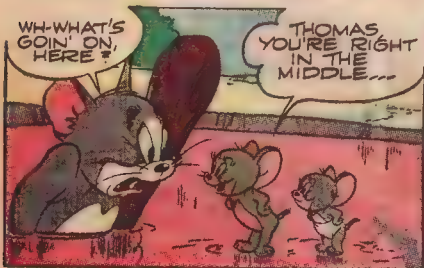
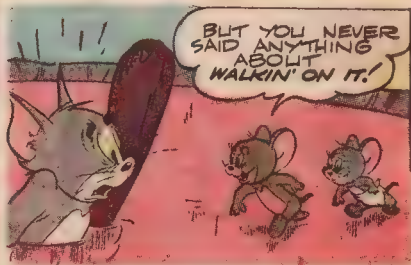
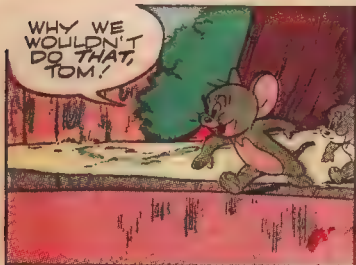
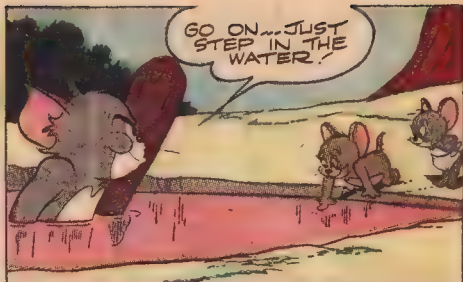




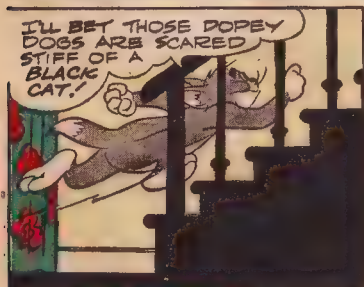
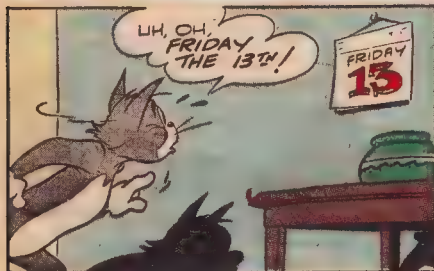
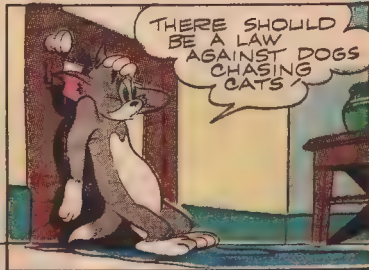


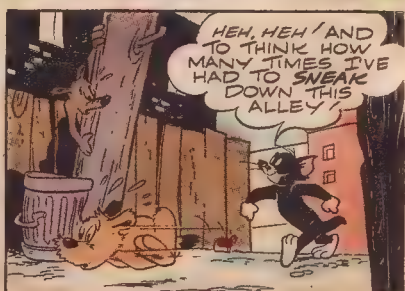
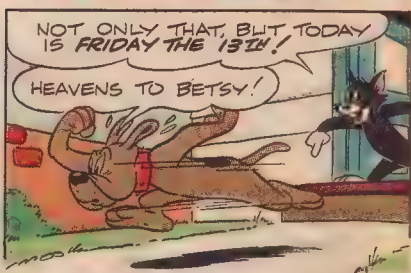
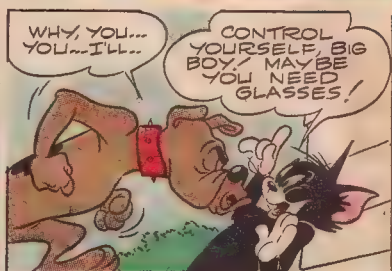
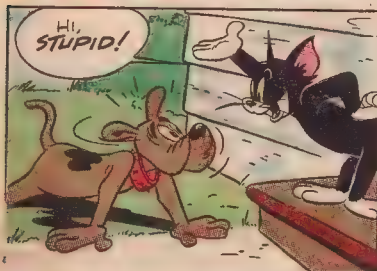
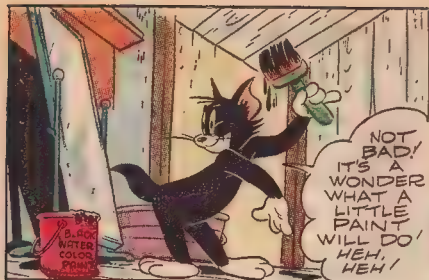




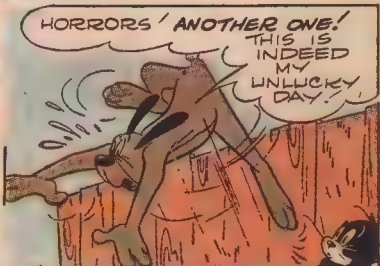
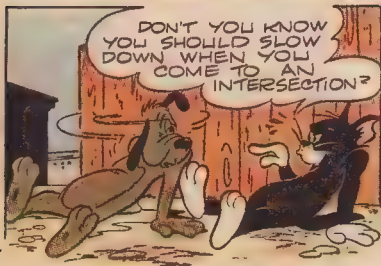
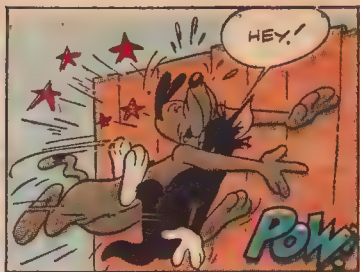
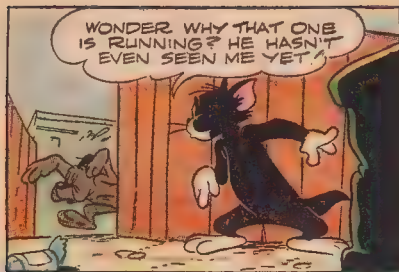


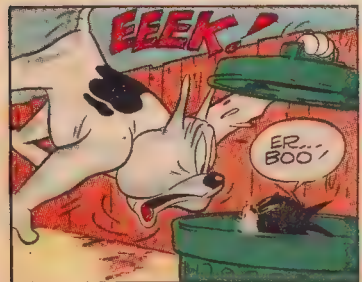
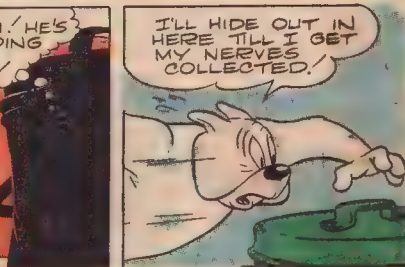
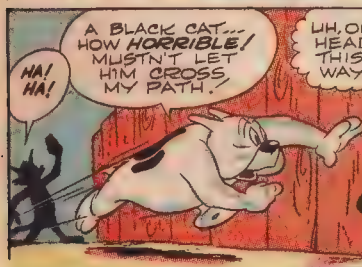
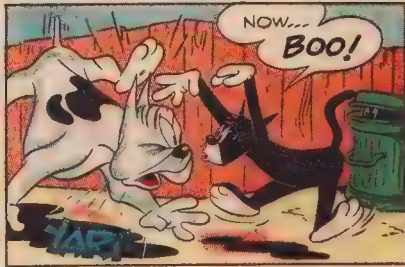
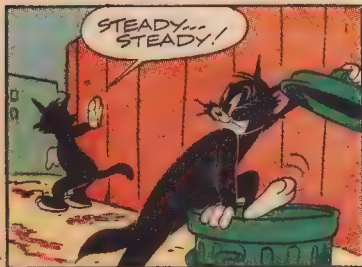
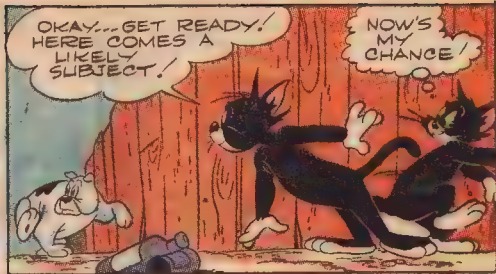




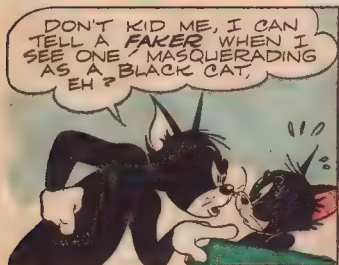
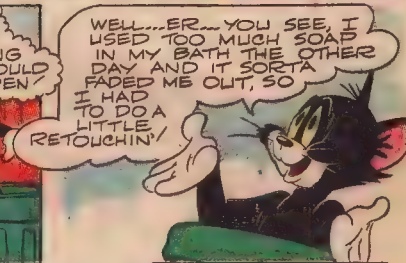
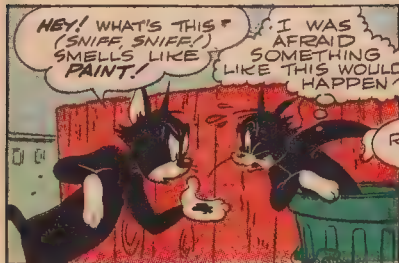
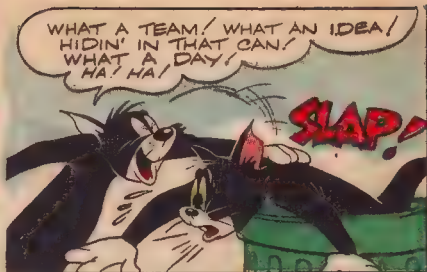
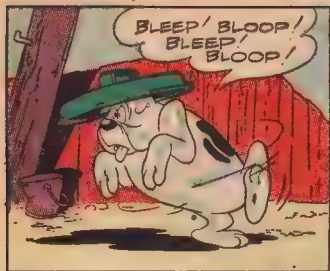


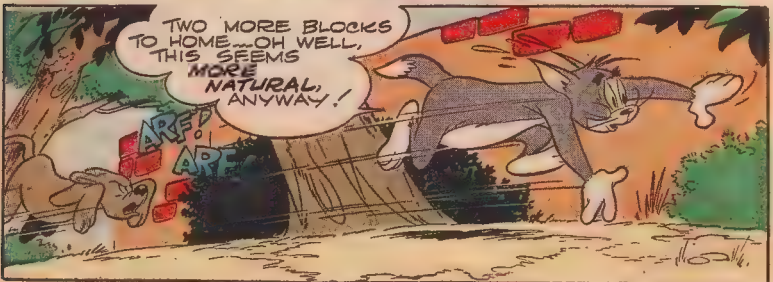
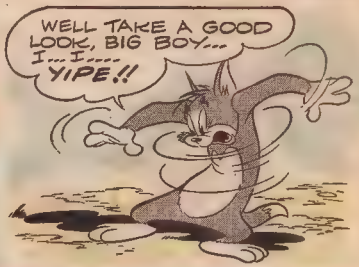
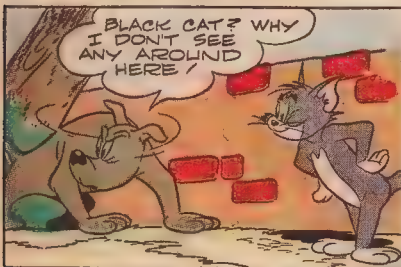
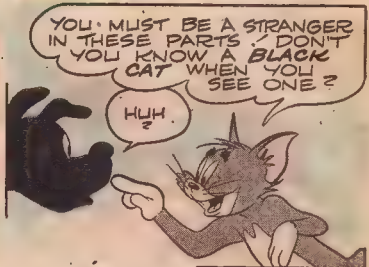
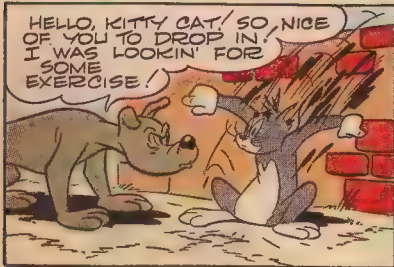
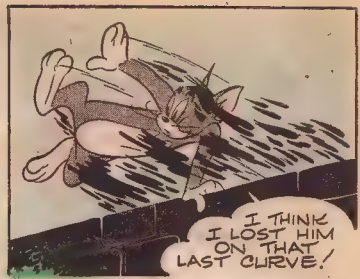
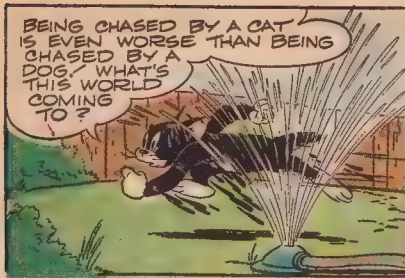








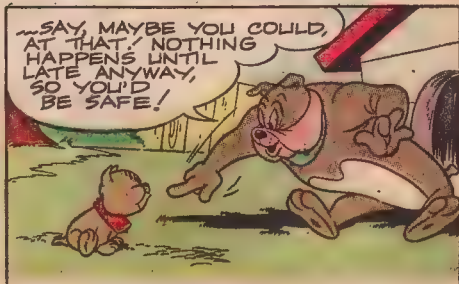
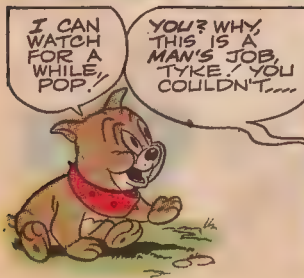
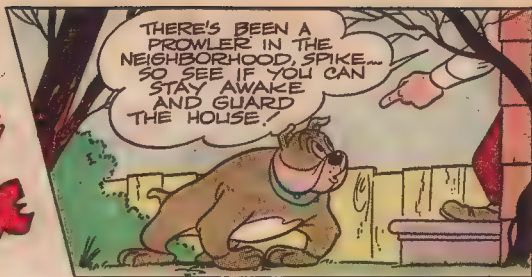


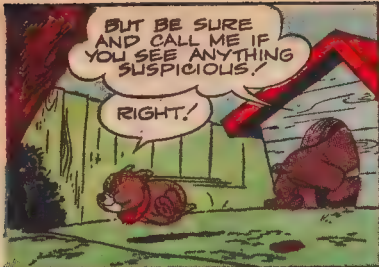




M-G-M-CARTOONS  
PRESENT

# Big SPIKE AND Little TYKE





BUT BE SURE  
AND CALL ME IF  
YOU SEE ANYTHING  
SUSPICIOUS!

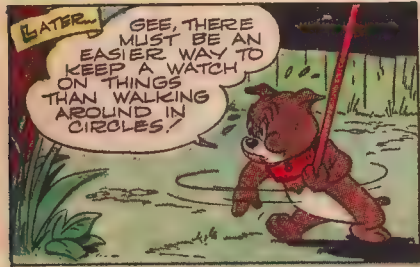
RIGHT!




HLIT,  
TWO,  
THREE...  
FOUR!  
HLIT...

IT  
SHOULD BE  
ALL RIGHT  
FOR A  
LITTLE  
WHILE!


LATER...



GEE, THERE  
MUST BE AN  
EASIER WAY TO  
KEEP A WATCH  
ON THINGS  
THAN WALKING  
AROUND IN  
CIRCLES!




PEOPLE DON'T  
STAY UP ALL  
NIGHT WATCHING  
FOR MICE!  
THEY SET  
TRAPS!

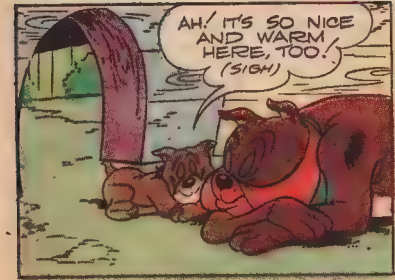


AND  
WITH TRAPS  
AROUND  
I COULD  
GET SOME  
SLEEP,  
TOO!

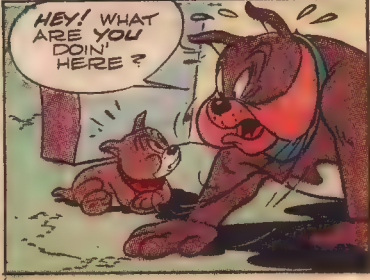
So...



THERE! THAT  
SHOULD BE  
ENOUGH! POP  
ALWAYS SAID I  
SHOULD USE MY  
OWN INITIATIVE!

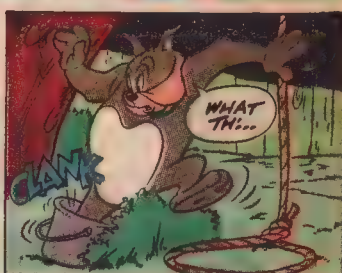
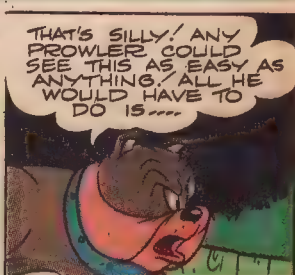
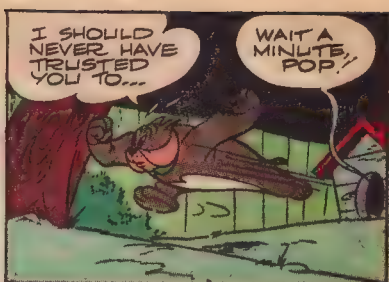
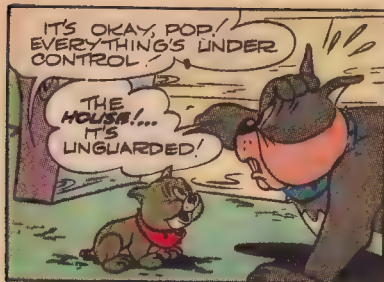


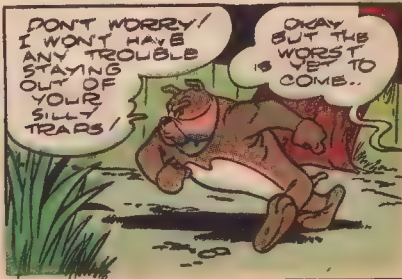
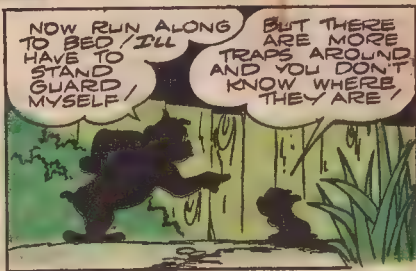
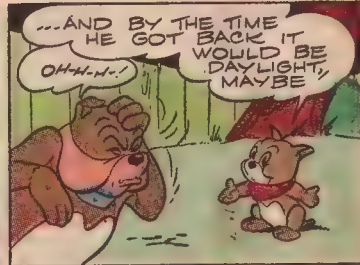
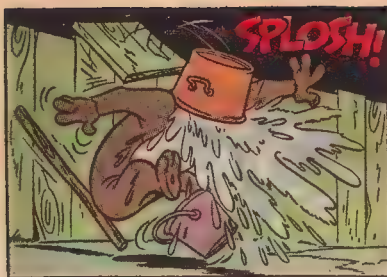
AH! IT'S SO NICE  
AND WARM  
HERE, TOO!  
(SIGH)



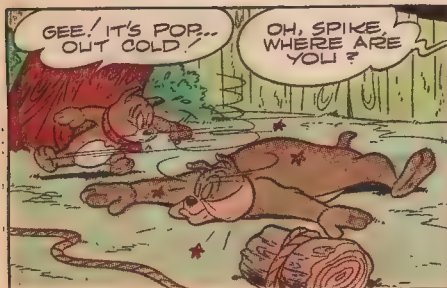
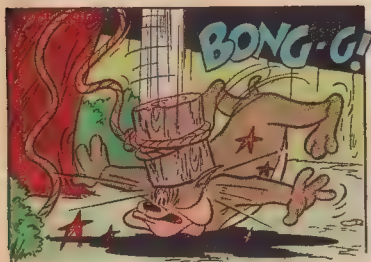
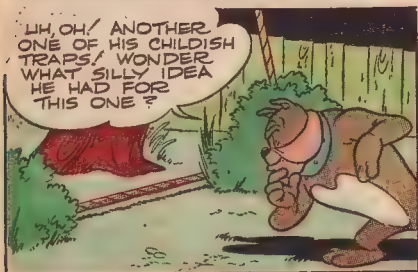
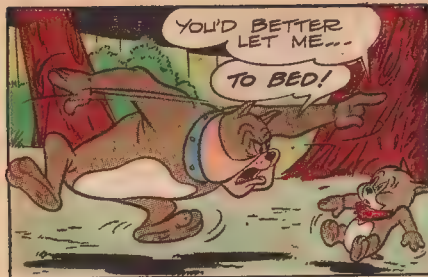
HEY! WHAT  
ARE YOU  
DOIN'  
HERE?

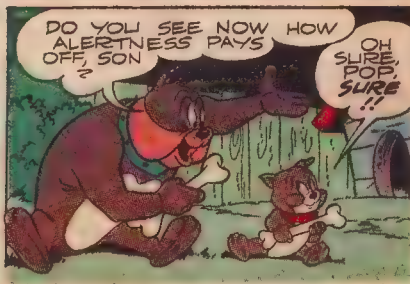
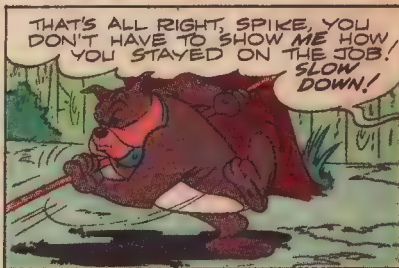
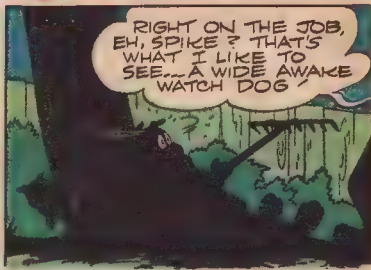
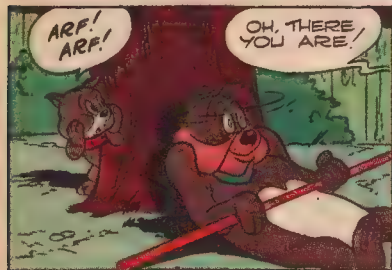




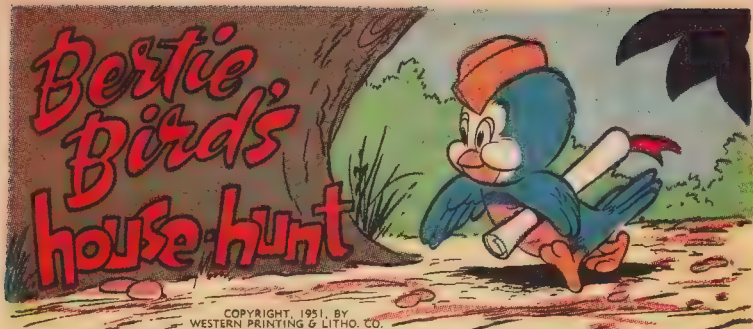












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"Hop, two, three, four! Hop, two, three, four!" repeated Bertie Bird, unmindful of Susie Sparrow, who was watching with quizzical eye from a nearby branch.

Susie wondered what strange stunt Bertie Bird was up to now. Always bubbling over with new ideas, Bertie had gained the reputation as the "most-fun" bird in the neighborhood.

"Hop, two, three, four!" echoed again. It was impossible to remain still any longer. "Yoo-hoo," Susie called to Bertie, "are you playing a game, or learning a new trick?"

"Neither," answered Bertie mysteriously with a gleam in his eye. Soon Bertie decided he had teased her long enough and finally admitted his reason for practicing. He wanted to be the first one in his class to complete his flying lessons.

"But why are you in such a hurry?" inquired Susie. This welcome question delighted Bertie because he was eager to share his adventure plans with her.

"My Uncle Hobo just arrived for a short visit. He travels all over the world but never stays very long in any one place. He gets restless, you know, for more excitement and adventure," said Bertie.

"Ooooh, how thrilling," trilled little Susie.

"If I practice hard every day and graduate from Lt. Robin's Flying School before Uncle Hobo leaves on another trip, he might let me tag along," said Bertie.

"Leave us?" cried Susie. "Oh, no! Bertie Bird, I don't want you to go away."

Bertie Bird happily tossed his head and his bright black eyes danced. It was fun-being begged to stay home. "Race you to the park," he called gaily. "First one there gets a drink!"

While the thirsty birds were drinking their fill at the fountain, Bertie was struck with an idea. "I have it," he chirped rapidly in his enthusiasm. "Why don't we present Uncle Hobo with a nest of his very own? Then, maybe he'd be so content, he'd want to stay here with us for a long time."

"But, Bertie—" began Susie.

"Once Uncle Hobo is settled," Bertie cut in, "think of all the exciting travel stories he'll tell us!"

"But imagine us, two little birds who can't even fly good, trying to build a nest," retorted Susie. "THAT's silly!"

"Oh, not BUILD one—just FIND someplace Uncle Hobo can call 'home,' while he's here," Bertie Bird hastened to explain. "Our nest is too crowded and he really won't stay very long."

"Yes, that's what my mother said," quickly added his little friend.

"Your mother?" asked Bertie indignantly. So, Bertie thought, the neighbors were discussing his hero. In that instant, Bertie Bird's determination knew no bounds and, quick as a flash, he set out on his hunt.

It was a lovely day. The warm breezes welcomed the chase and tickled their faces, as Bertie and Susie

winged their way through the summer sun. Even the leaves seemed to whisper, "Good Luck," to them.

Finding a place to live was not easy. "Birdville must be a mighty pleasant place," mused Bertie Bird, "nobody wants to leave."

"Let's give up," suggested Susie Sparrow, as they paused long enough to rest in the hedge which outlined the yard of the Big House. "I'm tired and my mother may be looking for me."

"Never!" vowed Bertie.

As he waved good-bye to his little playmate, Bertie suddenly remembered that his family always found anything they needed in the front yard of the Big House. What was he waiting for? He'd better go up closer and look around—maybe even as far as the front porch.

Glancing from left to right, he spied something that looked very much like a birdhouse, indeed! It was resting on the wide railing around the porch. Breathlessly he hurried toward it.

Bertie trembled with excitement as he grew closer and closer. It wasn't a birdhouse, it was a bird cage—an abandoned one. The door was standing open and there was no one in it. Surely this would be fine for Uncle Hobo! There was a perch and a little swing.

Bertie decided he'd just step in and try the swing. "Ooooh! this is more fun than tag," chirped Bertie, when—click—the little door suddenly snapped closed. The next thing Bertie knew, someone was carrying the cage into

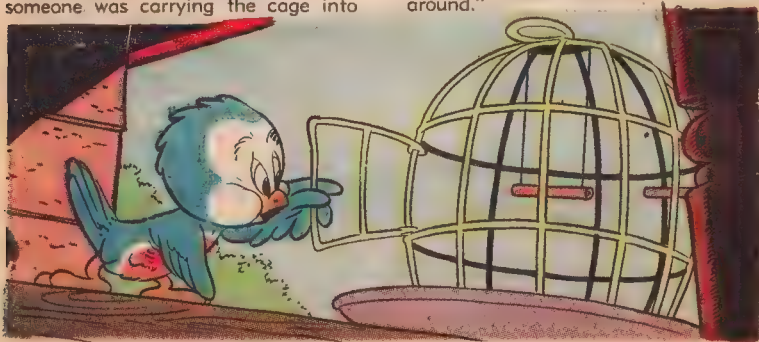
the house! Bertie was terrified. In these frightening moments there was only one consolation—the hand lifting the cage was so gentle, he couldn't believe he had been trapped. Yet how was he ever going to get out?

Bertie's fears soon turned to joy when he heard little Jane teasing, "Grandma, you're not wearing your glasses! This isn't a canary—this is a strange bird. Poor little Sing Song is hopping about on the front porch looking so lost and forlorn because he can't find his cage."

Maybe Jane couldn't hear him, but Bertie Bird was surely singing his own happy tune, as she carried the cage back to the front porch. She lost no time releasing the strange bird and opening wide the door for her own songbird.

Bertie Bird heaved a sigh of relief. "How wonderful to be free again!" He flicked his feathers and looked about. It was getting late and this time Bertie considered a different plan. He decided to let Uncle Hobo find his OWN nest. Then he would really appreciate it, that is, if he stayed long enough.

"In fact, I don't believe I'll go away with Uncle Hobo, after all," thought Bertie Bird as he turned homeward, eager for the warmth and safety of his own nest. "Supper and home will look mighty good to me, and besides, there's plenty of adventure in my own back yard. All I have to do is just look around."





M.G.M. CARTOONS

present

# WUFF

the  
PRAIRIE DOG

GEE, IT SURE WAS KEEN OF OUR FOLKS TO GIVE US THESE OUTFITS! LET'S GO OVER TO MY PLACE AND PLAY COWBOYS AN' INDIANS!

SWELL!

HEE, HEE!

NOW THAT I KNOW WHERE THEY'RE HEADIN', I CAN COMPLETE ME SINISTER PLAN!

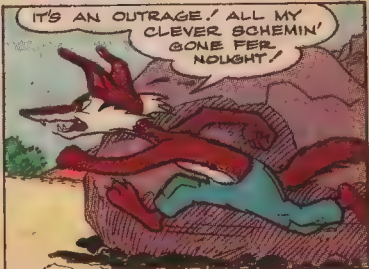
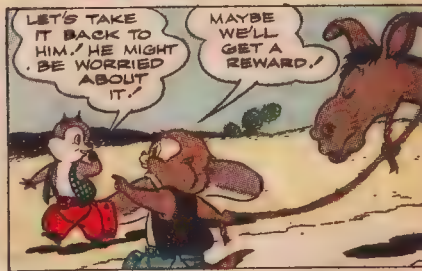
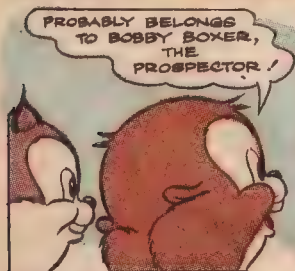
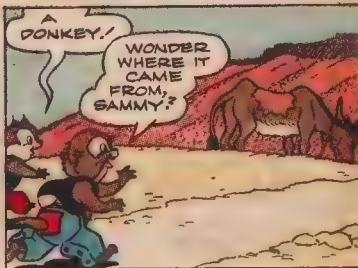
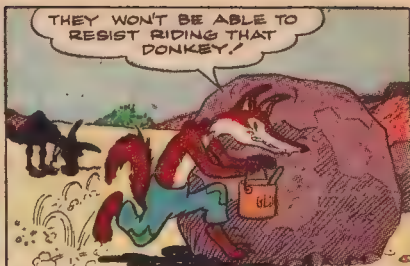
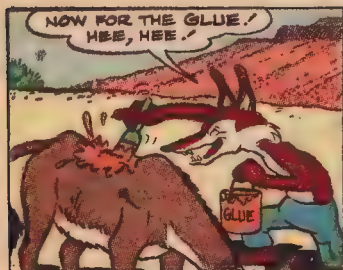
THE PROSPECTOR'S DONKEY I SWIPED LAST NIGHT WILL HELP ME TRAP 'EM ONCE AN' FER ALL!

WITH THE HELP OF A LITTLE GLUE, OF COURSE!

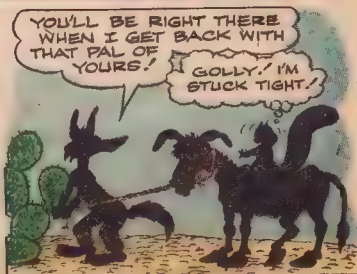
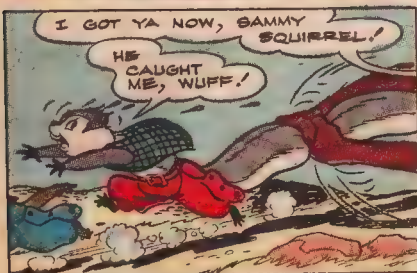
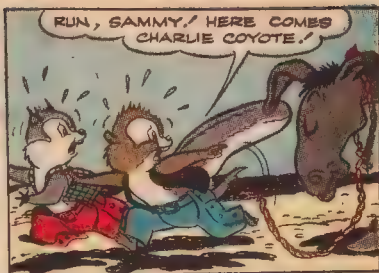
C'MON, BETSY! YER SERVICES ARE NEEDED ELSEWHERE!

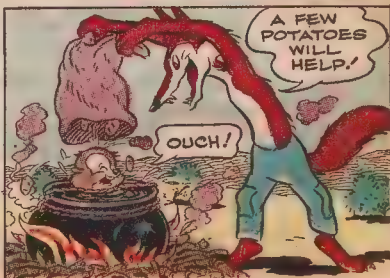
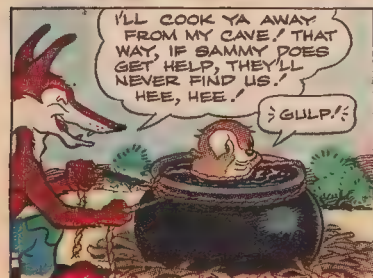
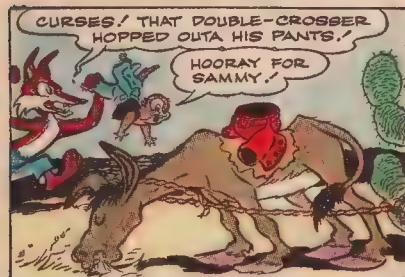
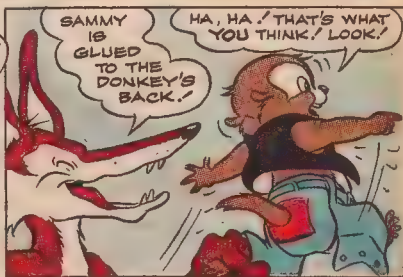
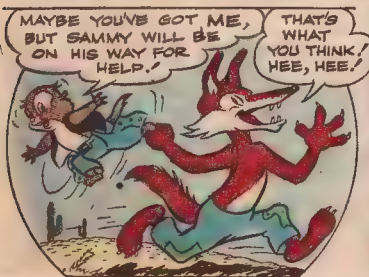
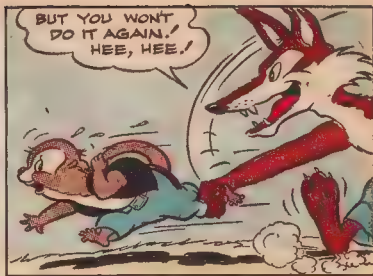
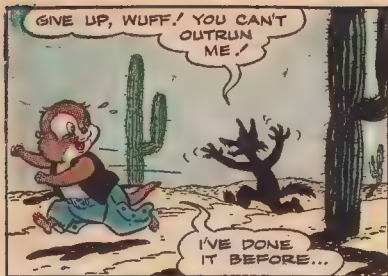
OKAY! THIS IS GOOD! STAND RIGHT THERE AN' DO YER CHOMPIN'!

THOSE PRAIRIE KIDS HAVE TO PASS BY HERE TO GET TO WUFF'S PLACE!

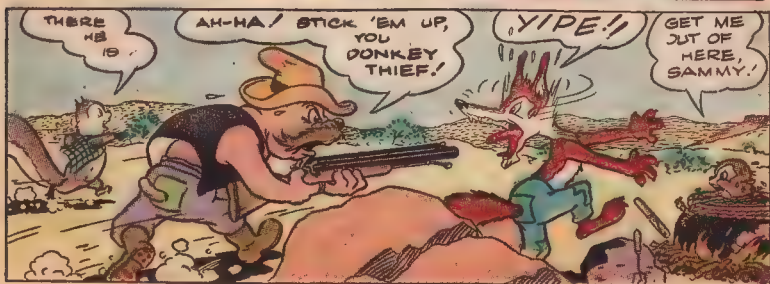
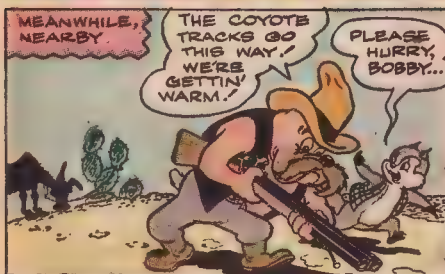
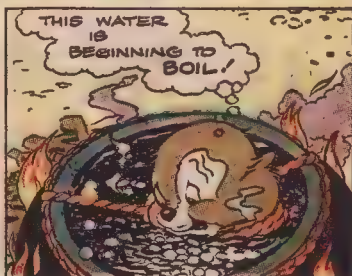
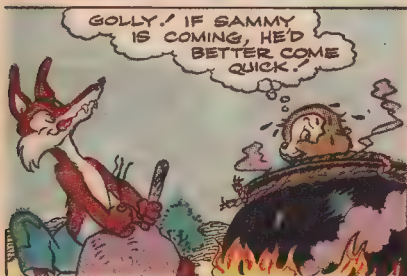
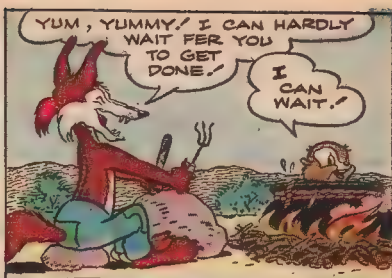
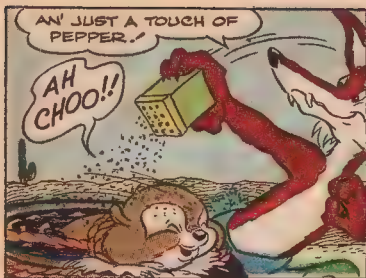


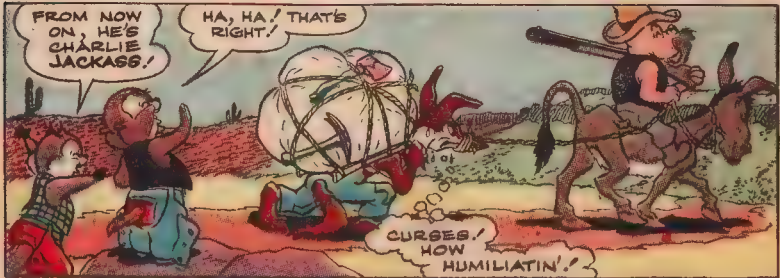
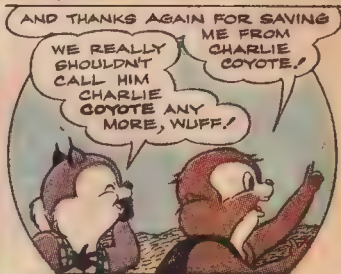
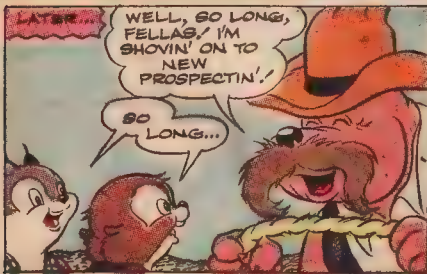
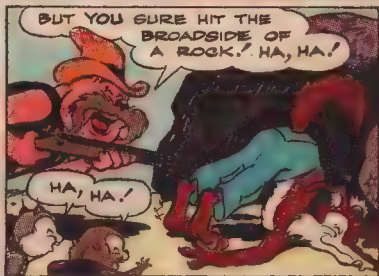
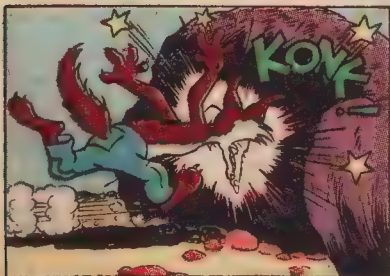
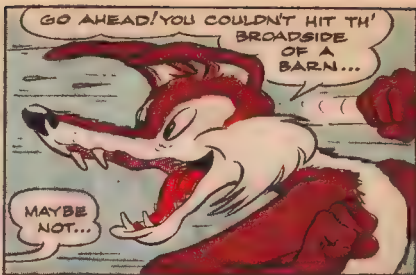
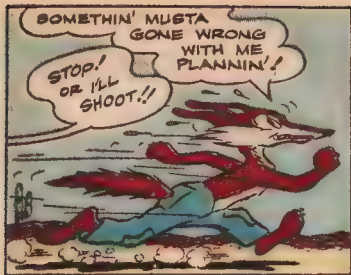














M-G-M. CARTOONS  
present

# Jerry and Tuffy

LIFE CAN BE  
RUGGED  
WHEN  
YOU'RE  
BROKE

..AN' WE DON'T  
EVEN KNOW  
HOW TO EARN  
MONEY

THERE OUGHTA  
BE SOME WAY  
FOR A MOUSE  
TO MAKE  
MOOLA!

D'YA SUPPOSE  
WE COULD  
SHINE  
SHOES?

WHY, SURE!  
WE'RE BUILT  
JUST RIGHT  
FOR IT!

HEY! LET US  
SHINE  
'EM UP!

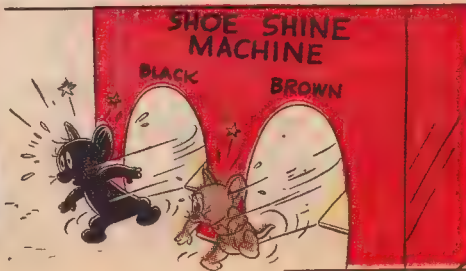
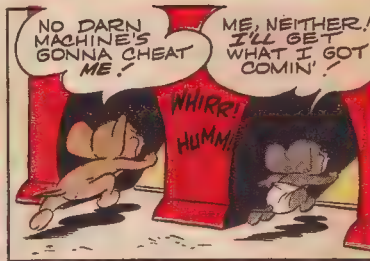
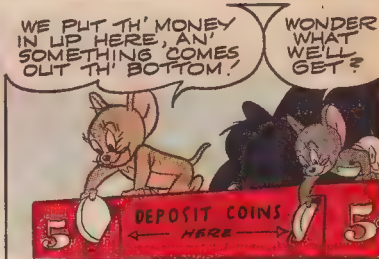
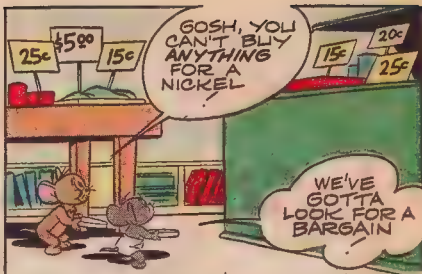
WHEN!  
TIRIN' WORK,  
AIN'T IT?

SLAPPETY  
SLAP!

PUFF!  
PUFF!

GOOD THING  
PEOPLE ONLY  
HAVE TWO  
FEET

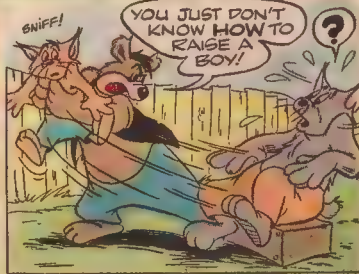
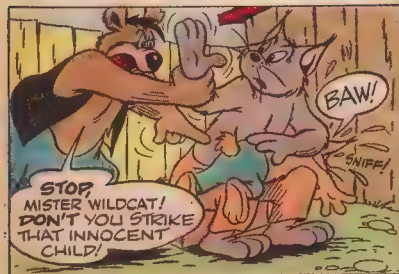
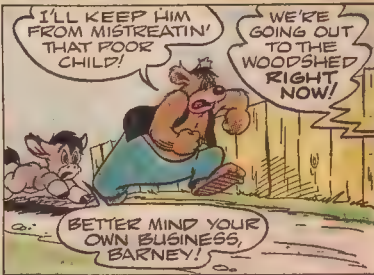
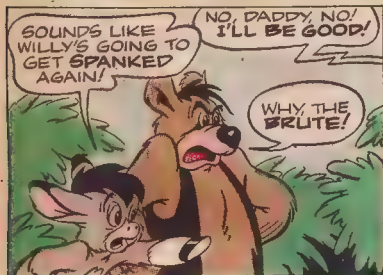
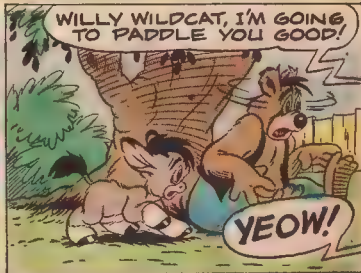
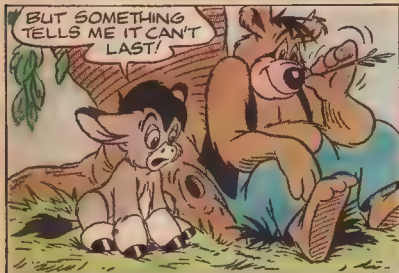
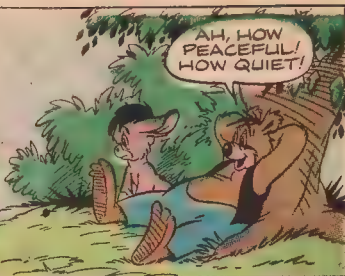
PUFF!  
PUFF!



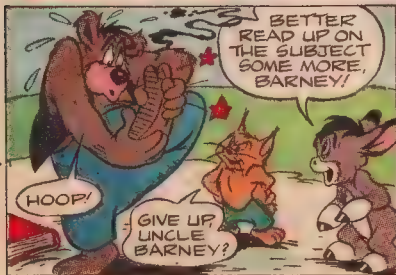
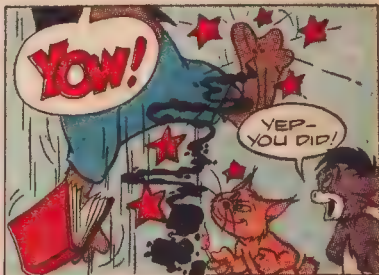
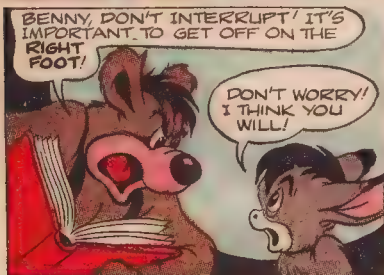
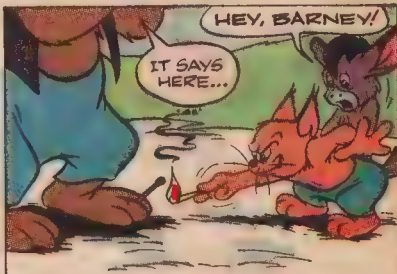
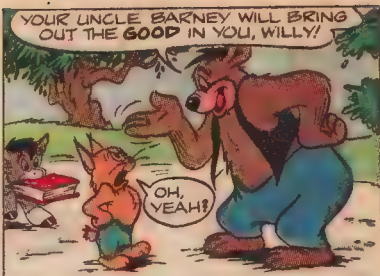
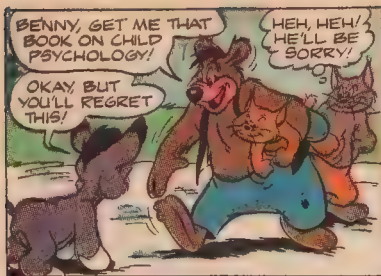
M. G. M. CARTOONS

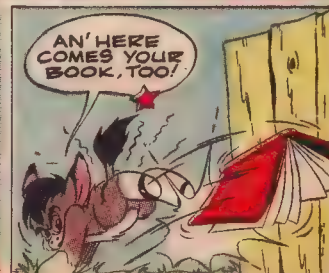
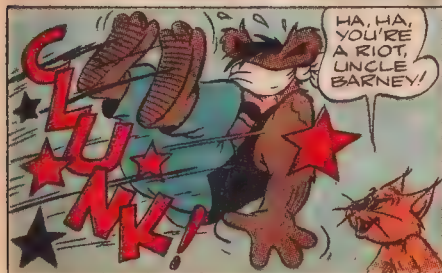
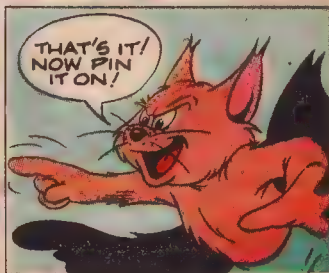
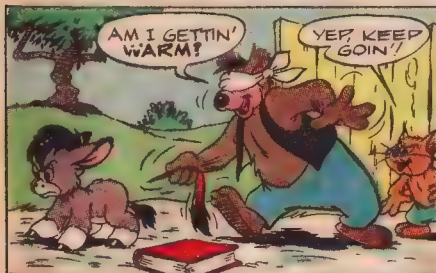
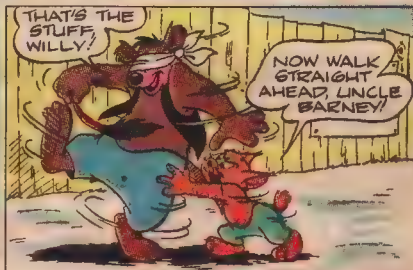
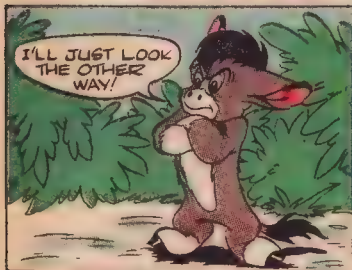
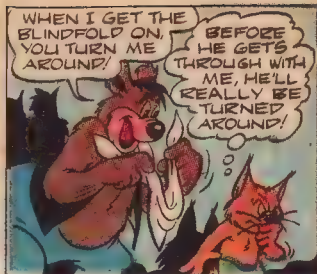
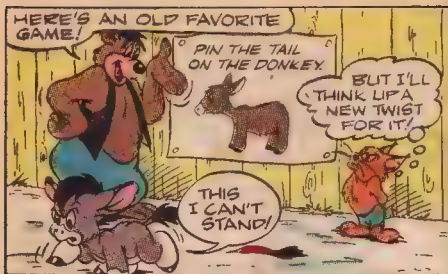
PRESENT

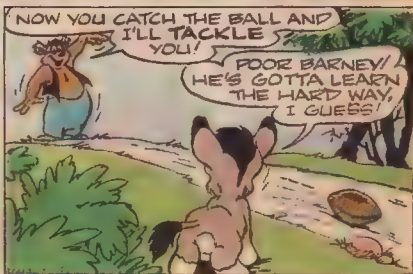
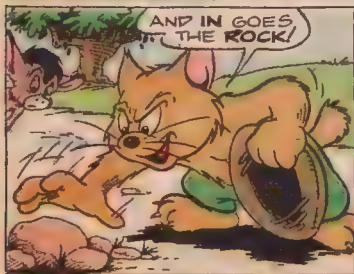
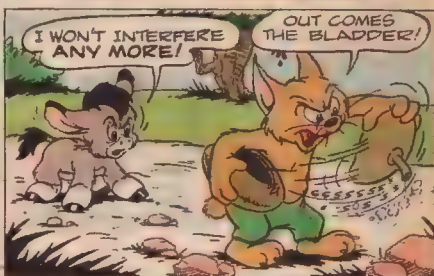
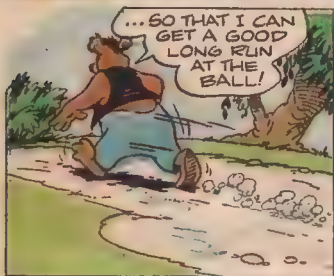
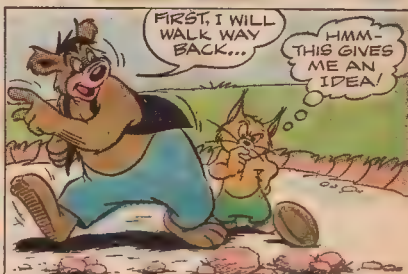
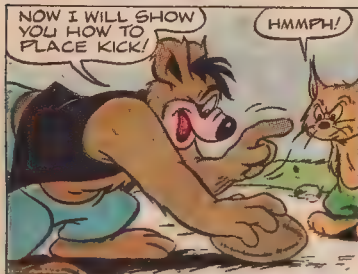
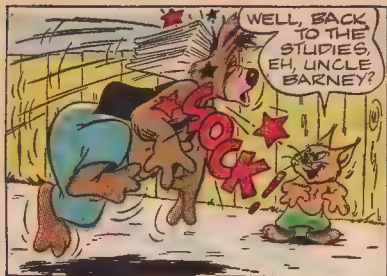
# Barney Bear and Benny Burro



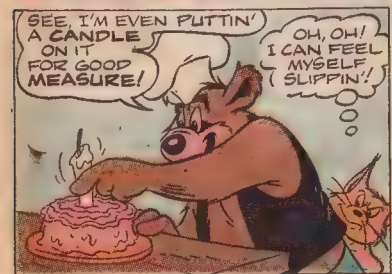
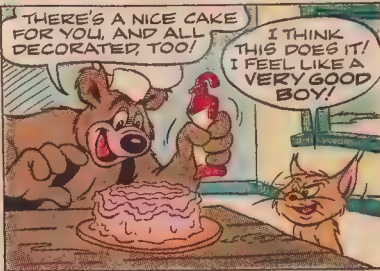
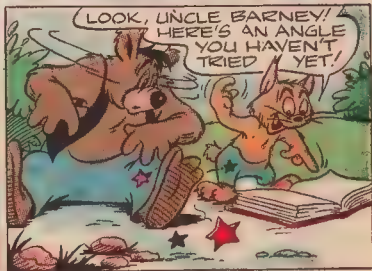
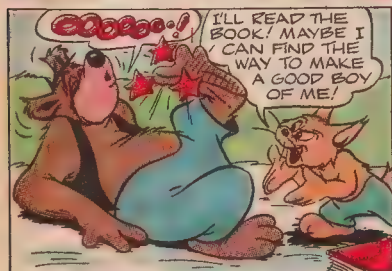
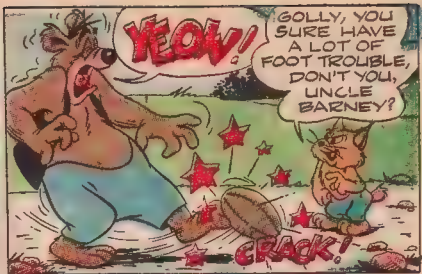


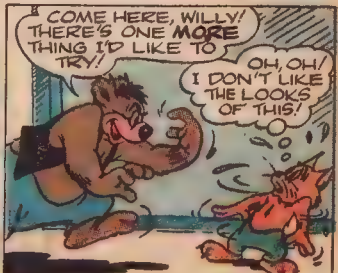
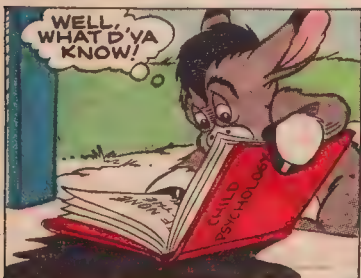
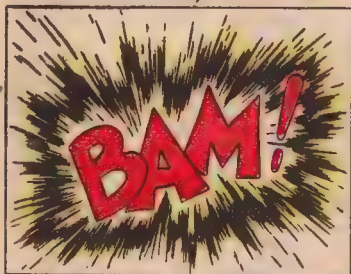
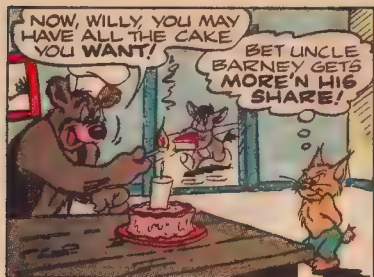


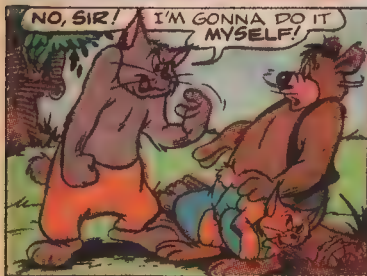
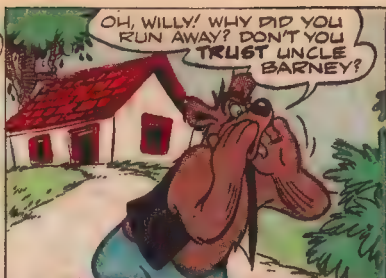
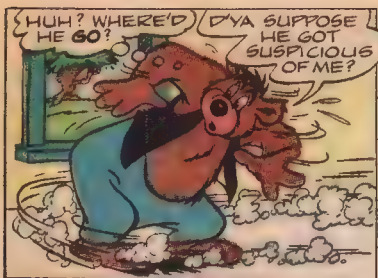




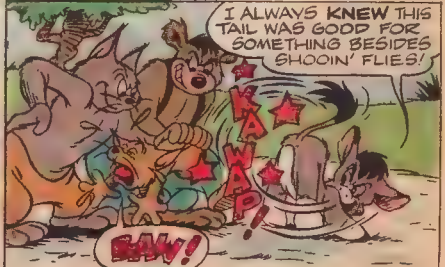
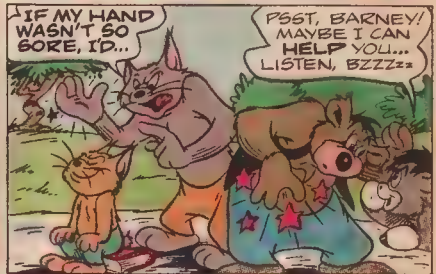
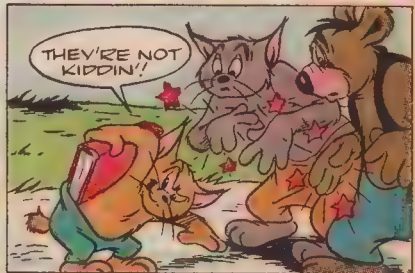
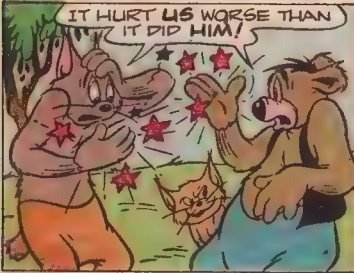
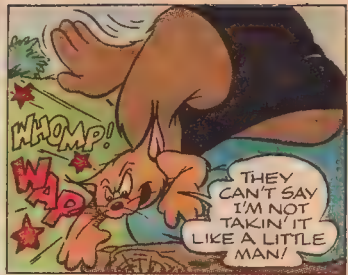












# FLIP 'N' DIP

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LOOK, TURTLE, I'LL  
BET YOU DON'T KNOW  
WHAT THAT IS.

DON'T BE SILLY,  
IT'S A SEESAW.

WRONG! THAT'S  
A SPRINGBOARD  
LIKE ACROBATS  
USE TO FLIP PEOPLE  
UP IN THE AIR...

SINCE I'M NOT THE  
ATHLETIC TYPE,  
I STILL SAY IT'S  
A SEESAW.

ONSENSE JUST STAND  
ON ONE END LIKE THIS  
AND I'LL SHOW YOU  
HOW IT WORKS.

I DON'T THINK  
I'M GOING TO  
LIKE THIS, POR

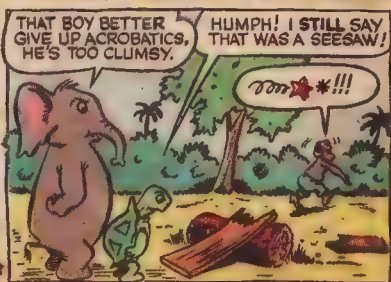
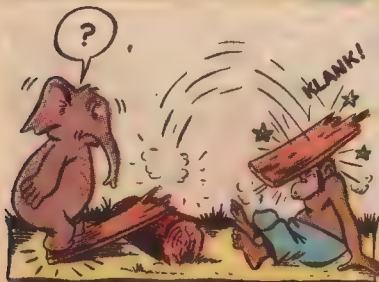
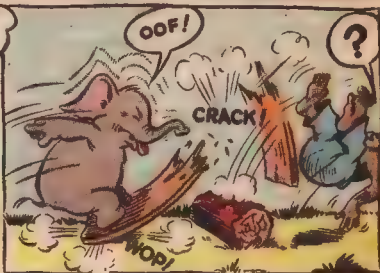
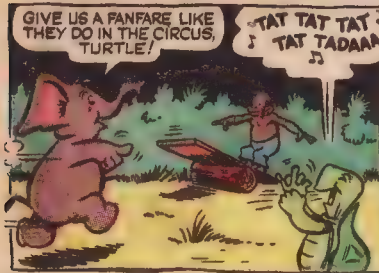
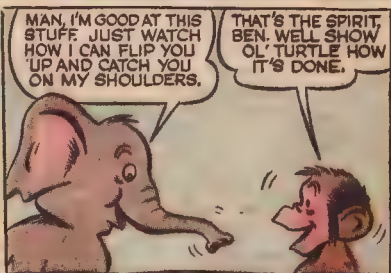
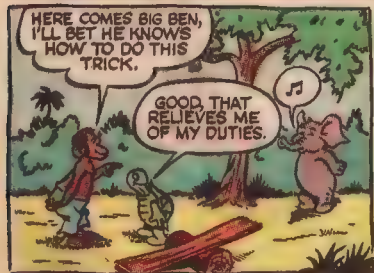
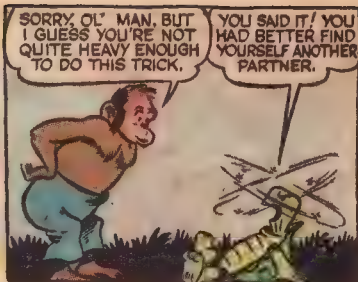
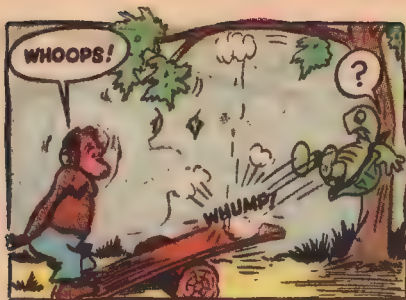
GET SET, TURTLE,  
HERE I COME!

DON'T WORRY,  
I'VE GOT MY EYES  
CLOSED.

WOW!

GET ME DOWN FROM  
HERE! YOU KNOW  
I CAN'T STAND  
HIGH PLACES.

JUST LET GO, TURTLE, AND  
WHEN YOU HIT THE  
PLANK IT WILL  
SPRING ME UP





M.G.M. CARTOONS  
present

# Fuzzy and Wuzzy

GEE, IT'S  
HOT TODAY!

I'D SURE LIKE  
TO BE AT THE  
BEACH RIGHT  
NOW!

UNCLE BARNEY, WILL YOU  
TAKE US TO THE BEACH?

YEAH! WILL  
YOU, PLEASE?

NOPE! I WANT YOU  
KIDS TO STAY HOME  
AND PLAY IN  
THE YARD!

I'VE GOT TO GO DOWN AND HAVE THE  
CAR FIXED! THE ENGINE'S  
MISSING AGAIN!

AW,  
GEE!

NOW, DON'T FORGET  
WHAT I TOLD YOU!  
STAY IN  
THE YARD!

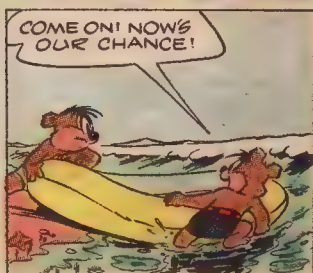
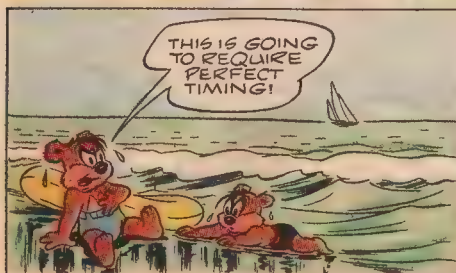
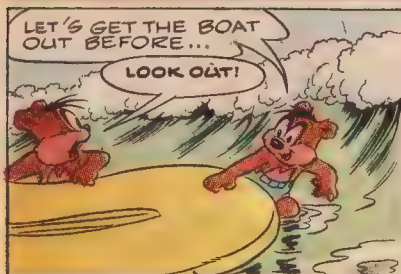
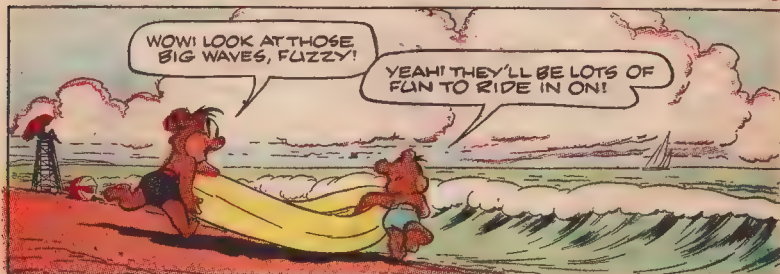
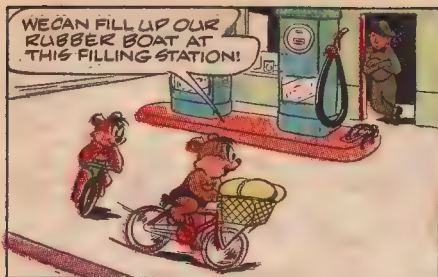
A FEW MINUTES  
LATER...

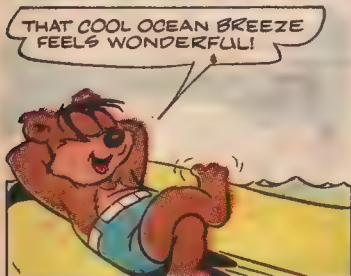
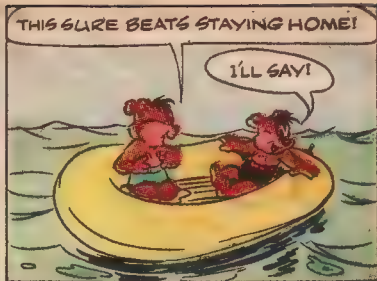
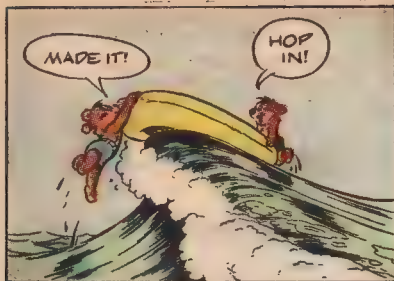
WE'LL BE TO THE BEACH  
AND BACK BEFORE HE  
GETS HOME! AND  
BESIDES, I'M SURE HE  
WAS JUST KIDDING US ABOUT  
STAYING HOME!

SURE! UNCLE  
BARNEY'S A  
GREAT KIDDER!

ANYWAY, CAR'S  
TAKE A LONG  
TIME TO FIX!

HE'LL NEVER  
KNOW THE  
DIFFERENCE!

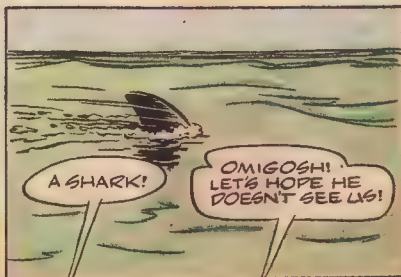
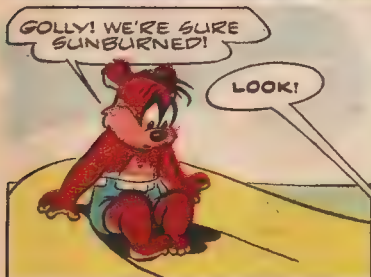




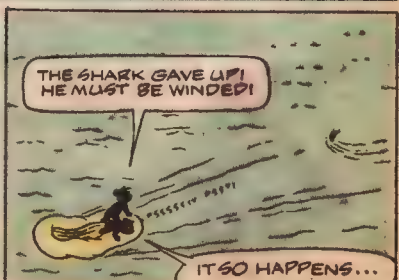
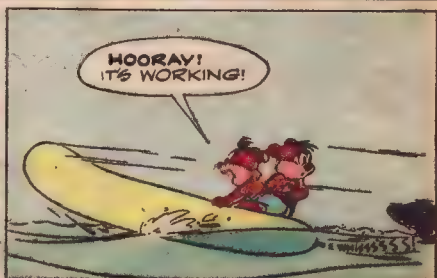
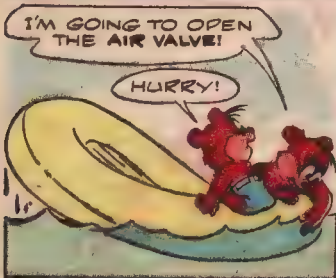
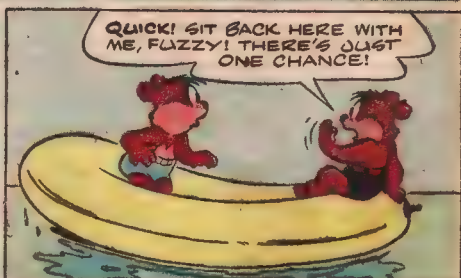
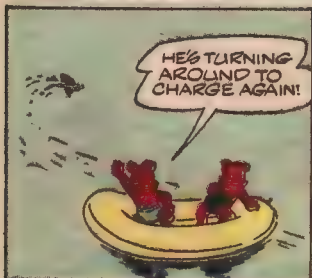
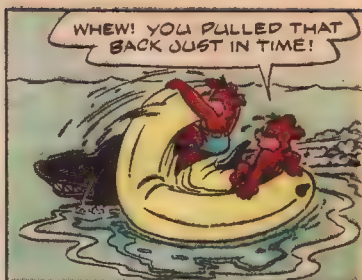
BEFORE THEY KNOW IT, THEY'RE ASLEEP AND DRIFTING OUT TO SEA!

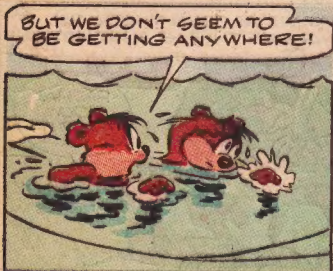
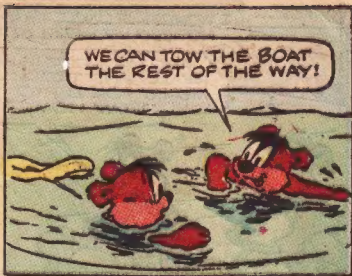
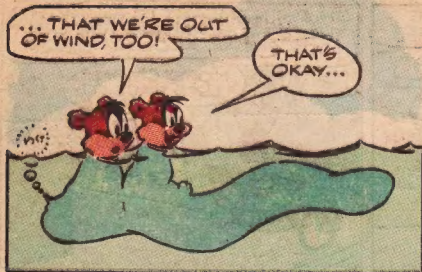


AN HOUR LATER...



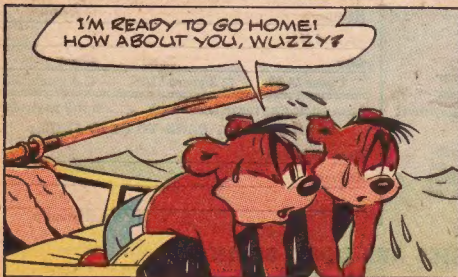
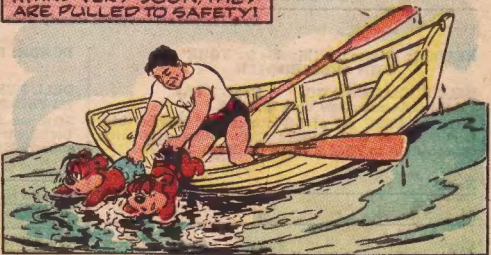
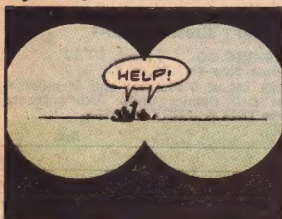




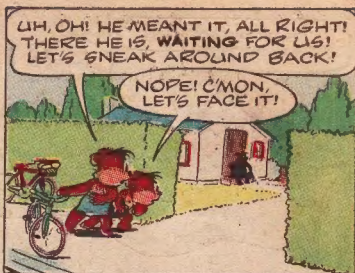


**A FEW MINUTES LATER, A SHARP-EYED LIFE GUARD SIGHTS THE LADS...**

**...AND VERY SOON, THEY ARE PULLED TO SAFETY!**







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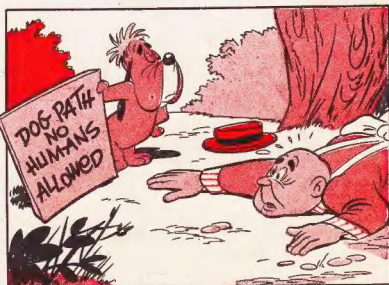
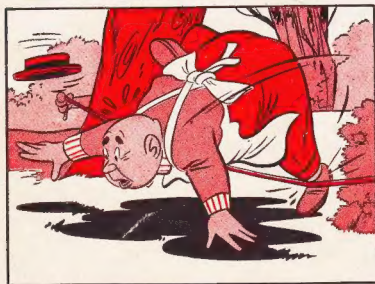
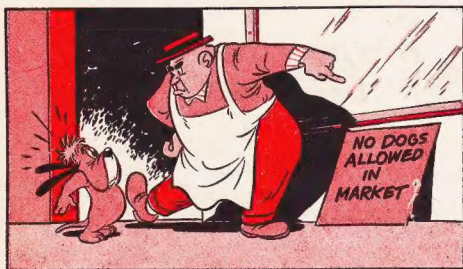
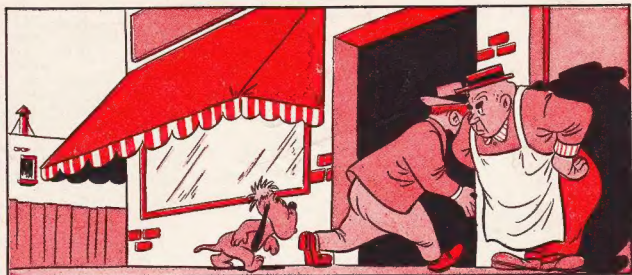
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